The Whirlpool

1941

THE WHIRLPOOL

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IN APPRECIATION

We, the Editorial Staff, wish to express our gratitude to all who have helped make this edition of the *Whirlpool* possible. We are especially grateful for the generous support of our advertisers.

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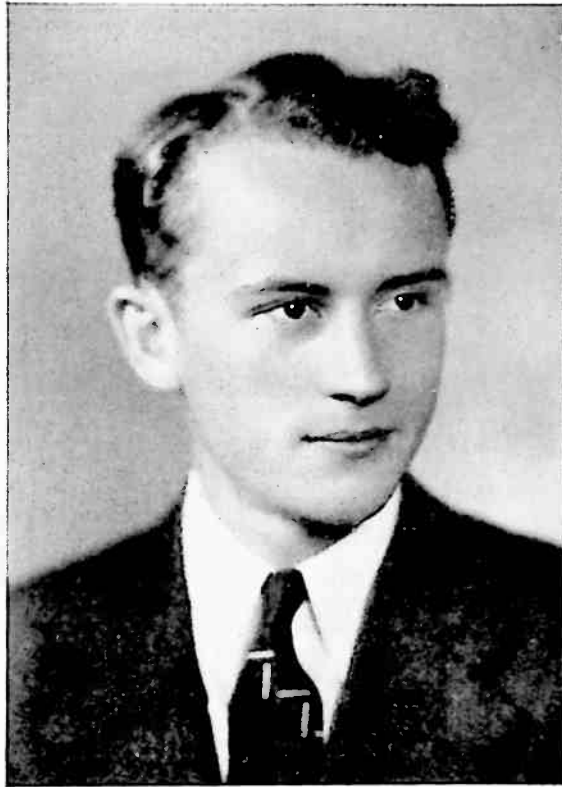
Mr. Record

We, the class of 1942, wish to express our appreciation to our *Whirlpool* advisor, Frank A. Record, by dedicating this issue to him. During the past three years the continual improvement of the school annual has been due entirely to his understanding of students, his patience, and his friendly leadership. We Juniors are particularly grateful for his careful suggestions and his hard work in helping us produce our *Whirlpool.*

WHIRLPOOL BOARD

First Row, left to right seated—Mae Muzzy, Ruth Smith, Luella Boyd, Mr. Record (Advisor), Madeline Grant, Arlene Perry.
Second Row, left to right standing—Earle Glass, Dorothy Colley, Roland Humphrey, Edgar Dauphineé.

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English, Latin, Director of Girls' Athletics, Glee Club.

JOHN D. LOIKO

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EDITORIALS

GROWTH THROUGH RECREATION

The thing we young people enjoy most in life is not wealth or physical enjoyment but growth and development. We all like to explore things and learn more about ourselves, our environment, and the people whom we watch and admire. We want to live a full life and get the most that we can from life. This can be done either directly or indirectly through play.

True recreation is that which is enjoyed most and is the farthest away from one's everyday work. The same activities are not suitable for everyone. A good recreation for one person may be drudgery for another. However, most schools have enough variety in activities so that everyone may be included. Activity is better for anyone than mere entertainment. It develops one physically and socially and is much more enjoyed.

Delinquency is developed in great part where there is very little or no opportunity for activity, and where only poor forms of recreation are available. This is why in schools more and more outside activities are being brought into the daily curriculum. Students who are often seen hanging around street corners would no doubt participate in more activities, were there more activities in which to participate. And yet we hear older people continually saying that all there is in high school these days is dancing and ball games. Some even go so far as to say that high school is no good because more time is devoted to activity than to study. But we young people are not conservatives, we are liberals, we want change, improvement. Maybe what was good enough for older people is good enough for us. But what is good for us probably would have been a lot better for them too.

Activities must be learned when one is young and has the enthusiasm to learn, rather than spending one's younger days reading books and spending one's later days trying to learn what should have been learned years before. Possibly in the olden days this was considered the only form of education. But it has been definitely proven that meeting people and knowing how to entertain and participate in different activities makes up the greater part of education.

Not only do we like the different courses here such as Arts and Crafts, Music, Athletics, Gym, and Bible Study but we also realize how much value as recreation these activities offer us. We don't want fewer recreations. We want more! !

LUELLA BOYD, '42

FULL SPEED AHEAD

Today we are facing an international as well as national emergency. After many small defenseless democracies have been swallowed up by the dictatorial governments, we see that if we don't prepare ourselves at once these countries which are led by tyrannical dictators will also try to take over America.

Our country is full of spies, sympathizers of Hitlerism, Fascism, Communism, and other non-American, unpatriotic groups. We must be rid of these non-patriots, for we won't have any secrets of our army, navy, and defense program as the war continues.

The defense machine is now getting into high gear. We are training thousands of men who will fight in our army if we enter the war. We are sending supplies to England and other brave countries which are trying to fight off the Axis Powers.

We have only one stumbling block, but this is in our own country. This obstacle is the strikes caused by the Labor Unions. Experts say that we will be in the war by July. If this is true we can't be hampered by the strikes if we ever expect to be prepared and fully armed by then. England, our first line of defense, needs the supplies that are being held up by the Labor leaders who cause the strikes. Let us be rid of those who wish to hold up our production line.

All of us can help bolster our defense. Yes, even the American youth. Of course, there aren't many of our youths old enough to make airplanes, guns, etc., but we can all help by fighting against spies and enemy agents.

We have a powerful defender in our knowledge of what is going on. We are more informed than the youth of any other country in the world.

Our health is another weapon. If we keep this we will be physically fit for the Army, Navy or the Marine Corps.

We must remember that we youth are the future citizens of America. We have indeed something to fight for.

If we rid ourselves of our stumbling block, we will be far ahead on our Defense Program. May the dictators always be oppressed!

ARNOLD HALL, '43

SENIORS

VIRGINIA MAE BARTON *"Ginny"*

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Volleyball 1, 2, 3, 4; Softball 1, 2, 3, 4; Bible Study 4; Class Secretary 2; Tennis 2, 3; Interclass Basketball 2, 3, 4; Minstrel Show 3.

Virginia is pretty, smart, and coy,
To be hers is the aim of many a boy;
The only fault to find with that
Is that her heart belongs to Pat.

CHESTER HENDERSON BEAL *"Henderson"*

South Portland High 1; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Band 1, 2, 3; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Debate 1, 3; Drama 4; Freshman Reception Committee 2; Junior Prom Committee 3; Interclass Sports 1, 2, 3, 4; Arts and Crafts 3, 4; Cheerleader 2, 3; Bible Study 4; Minstrel Show 3; Track 1; Winter Carnival 2, 3; Rifle Team 1, 2; Science Club 1.

Beal's place in always in the lab,
With bottles and smells he likes to dab;
And when it comes to a Chemistry test,
The seat next to him is always the best.

CHRISTINE MILDRED CLARK *"Teen"*

Basketball 1; Volleyball 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Softball 1, 2, 3; Arts and Crafts 3; Bible Study 4; Track 1, 2; Freshman Reception Committee 2.

Christine Clark is a dancing girl,
With her George she does many a twirl;
Though it rains, though it pours,
George will be there to open the doors.

JANE EATON *"Snazzy"*

Student Council 2, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Editor-in-Chief of the *Whirlpool* 3; Band 3; Orchestra 3, 4; Arts and Crafts 3, 4; Freshman Reception Committee 2; Class Vice-President 3; Interclass Sports 1, 2, 3, 4; Swimming 1, 2; Badminton 3, 4; Captain of Magazine Drive 4; Gym Squad Leader 3; Drama 4; Bible Study 4; Tennis 2, 3; Snow Carnival 2, 3.

Snazzy's an ace at basketball,
As good in athletics as you could call;
In studies she's a mental wow,
Jane's a good girl—And How!!

BERENICE ERNESTINE EDWARDS *"Hepzibah"*

Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4; Interclass Sports 1, 2, 3, 4; PENNELLITE Board 2; Exchange Editor of *Whirlpool* 3; Basketball 3, 4; Manager of Basketball 4; Coco-Cola Manager 3, 4; Glee Club Accompanist 4; Bible Study 4; Arts and Crafts 3, 4; Class Secretary 4.

We have a classmate named Berenice,
Climbing onward she'll never cease;
Better known as Hepzibah,
She plays so we can sing "tra-la."

RAYMOND COULE FIELD *"Bud"*

Baseball 1, 2, 4; Basketball 1, 2; Minstrel 2, 3; Rifle Team 1, 2; Basketball Manager 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Interclass Sports 1, 2, 3, 4; Snow Carnival 1, 2, 3.

Raymond comes to school in his Model A,
Through rain and sleet and snow;
Although other cars a-stuck do stay,
His Ford will always go.

DONALD BERTRAM HALL *"Donnie B."*

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball 1, 2. 3, 4; Track 3, 4; Football 4; Captain of Basketball Team 4; Interclass Sports 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Vice-President 1; Class Treasurer 2; Class President 3; Student Council President 4; Graduation Usher 2; Graduation Marshal 3; Captain of Magazine Drive 4; Varsity Club 2, 3, 4; Arts and Crafts 3, 4; Bible Study 4; *Whirlpool* Board 3.

Donnie B., the basketball star of our class,
Is liked by many a lad and lass;
What will the fans do next year,
Without D. B. for them to cheer?

DONALD FIELD HALL *"Donnie F."*

Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Interclass Sports 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Track 1, 2, 3, 4; Student Council 3; Class Treasurer 4; Drama 4; Varsity Club 2, 3, 4; Sports Editor of *Whirlpool* 3; Football 4; Rifle Team 1, 2.

Don is the pitcher on our baseball team,
Known by his opponents as "Dizzy Dean;"
But that's not all; he stars in track,
And brings a lot of ribbons back.

ARTHUR LEROY HITCHCOCK *"Hitchie"*

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Interclass Sports 1, 2, 3, 4; Arts and Crafts 3, 4; Bible Study 4; Baseball 4; Stage Manager at Drama 4; Snow Carnival 3; Rifle Team 2.

Arthur, who is very clever,
Says, "It's better late than never;"
For some reasons we never can tell,
He never gets here until after the bell.

JAMES HENRY JOHNSON *"Jimmy"*

Class President 1; Student Council 2; Basketball 3, 4; Cheerleader 2; Minstrel Show 3; Glee Club 3, 4; Interclass Sports 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball 2, 3; Track 3; Drama 4; Rifle Team 1, 2; Varsity Club 2, 3, 4; Assistant Editor of *Whirlpool* 3.

Jimmy Johnson, the shiek of our class,
Has tried to make love to many a lass;
Few resist him, but least of all,
Veeola, who turned out to be his downfall.

PHILLIP NELSON KUPELIAN *"Phil"*
Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 4; Track 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Treasurer 2, 3; Varsity Club 3, 4; Band 2, 3; Business Manager of *Whirlpool* 3; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Interclass Sports 1, 2, 3 4; Arts and Crafts 3, 4; Bible Study 4.

Phil, to school is always late,
The reason is his Ford V-8;
In the morning if the light is red,
Stopping is his greatest dread.

ESTHER GERTRUDE LIBBY *"Essie"*
Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Home Economics Club 1, 2; Orchestra 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Interclass Sports 2, 3; Tennis 3; Badminton 3, 4; *Whirlpool* Board 3; Drama 4; Bible Study 4; Arts and Crafts 3, 4.

Esther, the librarian of the school,
Very seldom disobeys any rule;
Without her to take care of the books next year,
I wonder how the school library will appear.

CATHERINE ALICE MacDONALD *"Cathy"*
Volleyball 1, 2; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3; Badminton 2, 3; Class Vice President 2; Track 2; Student Council 3; *Whirlpool* Board 3; Bible Study 4; Drama 4; School Treasurer 4.

Cathy is a sweet little lass,
She catalogues the money from every class;
In the play she's John's sweetheart,
She sure does slay 'em in that part.

EDRA ALLEN MAXWELL *"Edie"*
Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Volleyball 2, 3, 4; Softball 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; *Whirlpool* Board 3; Bible Study 4; Badminton 3; Home Economics Club 1, 2; Interclass Sports 1, 2, 3, 4.

Edra has a theme song,
Called "O, Johnnie, O"
Of course you've guessed it,
Johnnie's Edra's beau.

NEAL WILSON MERRILL *"Neal"*
Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Track 3, 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Band 2, 3; Interclass Sports 1, 2, 3, 4; Varsity Club 3, 4; Class President 4; Freshman Reception Committee 3; Business Manager of *Whirlpool* 3; Drama 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Snow King 3; Arts and Crafts 3, 4; Manager of Magazine Drive 3; Bible Study 4; Rifle Team 2.

Neal, who is about six feet three,
Says, "All girls look up to me."
How could they help it! He's a model lad,
And never a moment is he weary or sad.

PHYLLIS IRENE NASON *"Phil"*

Interclass Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Volleyball 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Secretary 1, 3; Arts and Crafts 3; Basketball 3, 4; Bible Study 4; School Reporter 4.

Phyllis is quiet and very tall,
Without her Thurza wouldn't look so small;
Such pretty eyes are seldom seen,
And we're sure Mac knows they're blue, not green.

EVERETT VERNON POLLARD *"Bimbo"*

Basketball 2, 3, 4; Track 2, 3, 4; Baseball 2, 3, 4; Football 4; Interclass Sports 1, 2, 3, 4; Minstrel Show 3; Varsity Club 2, 3, 4; Drama 4; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Rifle Team 2.

For the good old blue and white,
Vernon is always glad to fight;
He never waits for a second call,
He's always there, with bells and all.

HELEN NATALIE RUSSELL *"Hel"*

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 2, 3, 4; Band 2, 3; Volleyball 2, 3; Interclass Basketball 2, 3; Debating 3; Arts and Crafts 3, 4; Bible Study 4; Candy Manager 3, 4; Literary Editor of *Whirlpool* 3; Drama 4.

Helen, thou art but one girl,
How could you know so much
About the different things in school,
As history, chemistry and such?

KATHLEEN THOMPSON SAWYER *"Kay"*

Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Arts and Crafts 3, 4; Bible Study 4; Volleyball 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2; Home Economics Club 1, 2; Snow Carnival 3; Interclass Sports 1, 2, 3.

Kathleen is a pretty girl,
And all her classmates know
That everywhere that Sidney goes,
Kathleen is sure to go.

THURZA SAWYER *"Thurz"*

Basketball 4; Interclass Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Volleyball 1, 2, 3, 4; Home Economics Club 1; Bible Study 4; Swimming 1; Track 1, 2; Arts and Crafts 4; Glee Club 3, 4; Drama 4; Debating 3; Badminton 2; *Whirlpool* Board 3.

Breaking beakers is delightful,
Spilling acid's great fun, too;
But be careful where you spill it,
Or it will eat holes in you.

JUNE LENORA WHITNEY *"Junie"*

Interclass Basketball 1, 2, 3; Volleyball 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1. 2, 3, 4; Home Economics Club 1; Alumni Editor of *Whirlpool* 3; Badminton 2, 4; Tennis 3; Arts and Crafts 3, 4; Bible Study 4.

June is shy and rather short,
She's scarcely bigger than a dot;
With her ambition and her zeal,
At hard work she'll never squeal.

HONOR PARTS

In place of the usual graduation speeches, a pageant will be presented by the following honor students:

Helen Russell, *Valedictorian*

Catherine MacDonald, *Salutatorian*

Jane Eaton	Thurza Sawyer
Neal Merrill	June Whitney
Donald F. Hall	Phillip Kupelian

Class Day Speakers

The speakers for class day are the next eight students in order or rank and are the following:

Thurza Sawyer	Phyllis Nason
Virginia Barton	Kathleen Sawyer
Henderson Beal	Berenice Edwards
Edra Maxwell	Donald B. Hall

SENIOR ACTIVITIES

The class of '41 returned to Pennell this fall with a population of 21 enthusiastic seniors.

We elected Jane Eaton and Donald B. Hall to represent us in the Student Council. For class officers we elected the following: Neal Merrill, President; Catherine MacDonald, Vice-President; Berenice Edwards, secretary; and Donald F. Hall, Treasurer.

In extra curricular activities we have been prominent. Six senior boys played on the basketball team. Five senior girls went out for basketball, and three of our girls made up a badminton team which played at Portland High School.

To earn money for our class trip to Washington we have had food sales, bridge parties, a social, suppers, a Senior Fair, a rummage sale and a class play.

This year the seniors have had a chance to do practice work in various local businesses. The girls have had experience as maids, telephone operators, librarians, and apprentices in teaching physical education. The boys have had filling station experience, office work, and training in teaching physical education. We have appreciated and enjoyed this chance, and we hope that the next year's seniors will make use of and enlarge this opportunity.

We are sad at the thought of leaving Pennell, but we are confident that we have received excellent preparation with which to adventure out into the world, whether we are seeking a job or higher education.

JANE EATON, '41

SENIOR PLAY

"Professor, How Could You?"

On March 27th and 28th the seniors presented the play, "Professor, How Could You?", a three act comedy.

The cast was as follows:

Professor Keats Perry (a young professor) .... Henderson Beal
Vicky Randolph (his pet hate) .... Jane Eaton
John Appleby (back-slapping friend of the professor)
James Johnson
Priscilla Morley (his cute little secretary) ... Catherine MacDonald
Grandpa Perry (a not-so innocent bystander) .... Vernon Pollard
Grandma Perry (an obliging soul) .... Thurza Sawyer
Tootsie Bean (a gushing girl) .... Esther Libby
Butcher Boy (Tootsie's two-fisted brother) .... Donald F. Hall
Valerie Whitman (southern applesauce) .... Helen Russell
Boggins (the sporting butler) .... Neal Merrill
Two Children .... Henry and Dorothy Beck

"Professor, How Could You?" is about a young professor who knows everything about history and nothing about women. The professor wants to become dean, but he has to have a wife to do it. He asks John to find a girl for him. Meanwhile Vicky, who has come to the professor's house to apologize for throwing a bottle of ink at him, and has overheard everything decides that she would like to help. John, Vicky, and Boggins each choose a candidate and put ten dollars in a jar as a bet. Grandma is asked to give a dinner party for the three girls. Grandpa, on the sly, puts in his money on another girl. Things are very complicated after Grandpa calls up Valerie, Tootsie, and Priscilla and tells them that Keats wants to elope with them. The play reaches a hilarious climax when John comes in dressed as a woman and bringing two children. He pretends to be Keats' wife. After John makes himself known, the professor is free to marry the girl he really loves. Grandpa wins the money for betting on Vicky, and everyone is happy.

The cast played its parts very well. Much gratitude is due Mr. Richards who did an excellent job of coaching.

The cast is also very grateful to the other teachers, who helped in every possible way to make this play a success.

HELEN RUSSELL

JUNIOR ACTIVITIES

The class of '42 started school this year with eight scholars. At the first class meeting the following officers were elected:

President .... Luella Boyd
Vice-President .... Arlene Perry
Secretary .... Dorothy Colley
Treasurer .... Mae Muzzy

Student Council members were Madeline Grant and Earle Glass.

Those active in sports were:

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Arlene Perry .... Forward
Luella Boyd .... Forward
Dorothy Colley .... Guard

BOYS' BASKETBALL

Roland Humphrey

TRACK

Edgar Dauphineé Earle Glass

Dorothy Colley and Mae Muzzy were on the decorating committee of the Junior Booth for the Senior Fair.

The class is now making plans for a Junior Prom to be held on May 16th which we hope will be a great success. We would like to have accomplished more this year, but it was impossible due to the size of the class.

MAE MUZZY, '42

SOPHOMORE NOTES

Although the second year class in most high schools is called the class of "silly-sophomores," we have tried very hard to live down this name under the leadership of Mr. Record.

On the first day of school we counted noses and found that we had the sum of eighteen; later when we summed up the number of students present, we found that, because of many withdrawals, we totaled only fourteen.

At our first class meeting we chose these class officers:

President .... Giles Carr
Vice-President .... Victoria Peterson
Secretary .... Arnold Hall
Treasurer .... Martin Lashua
Class Advisor .... Mr. Record

Our student council members were Shirley Kuch and John Wilkinson.

Last year's class officers and Student Council members were liked so well that we reelected them this year. Victoria Peterson was the only new officer.

On our Freshman Reception committee were John Wilkinson, Stuart Saunders, Ruth Smith, Shirley Kuch, and Arnold Hall.

The success of the reception must be attributed to Mr. Loiko, our very capable master-of-ceremonies. Although some were taken for a ride, the Freshmen took most of the initiation in the right spirit.

In the extra curricular activities of the school year our class has been outstanding.

At one of the most enjoyable assemblies of the year the Sophomores put on a short skit that became the talk of the day.

The name of the play was "A Marriage Failure."

The cast was as follows:

Squire Squeezermore, a boodle Alderman .... Milo Cummings
Major Wederbute, his boon companion .... Joseph Peterson
Henry Helpmeout, the Major's hired man .... Martin Lashua
Will Winner, the young lover .... John Wilkinson
Rev. Mr. Tizem, officiating clergyman .... Giles Carr
Mrs. Squeezermore, the Squire's wife .... Jeanne Smith
Fairyanna Squeezermore, the Squire's daughter .... Ruth Smith
The Reader .... Shirley Kuch
Stage Manager .... Arnold Hall

Special mention goes to Joseph Peterson for his portrayal of the character, Major Wederbute, a scoundrel if there ever was one, and to Ruth Smith, afterwards nicknamed the Sweetheart of Pennell, for her part as Fairyanna Squeezermore, the center of attraction.

We are proud to name three boys of our class who played on the basketball team. They were Earle Wilson, Milo Cummings, and Martin Lashua. Also going out for basketball were Giles Carr and Arnold Hall, both playing successfully on the second team.

We are also proud to mention that Ruth Smith played on the girls' basketball team. She was the only sophomore girl who went out for basketball.

Earle Wilson was our only representative on the track team. He was indeed a help to the team, particularly in short distance running.

After reading what we have accomplished you can understand why we believe that next year we will attain even greater success as Juniors.

ARNOLD HALL, '43

FRESHMAN ACTIVITIES

The class of '44 commenced with an enrollment of twenty-one pupils. Due to some withdrawals and some late entries we have now a class of twenty-three students. We elected the following class officers:

President .... Anita Pinette

Vice-President .... Robert Purinton

Treasurer .... Ethel Tripp

Secretary .... Emily Maxwell

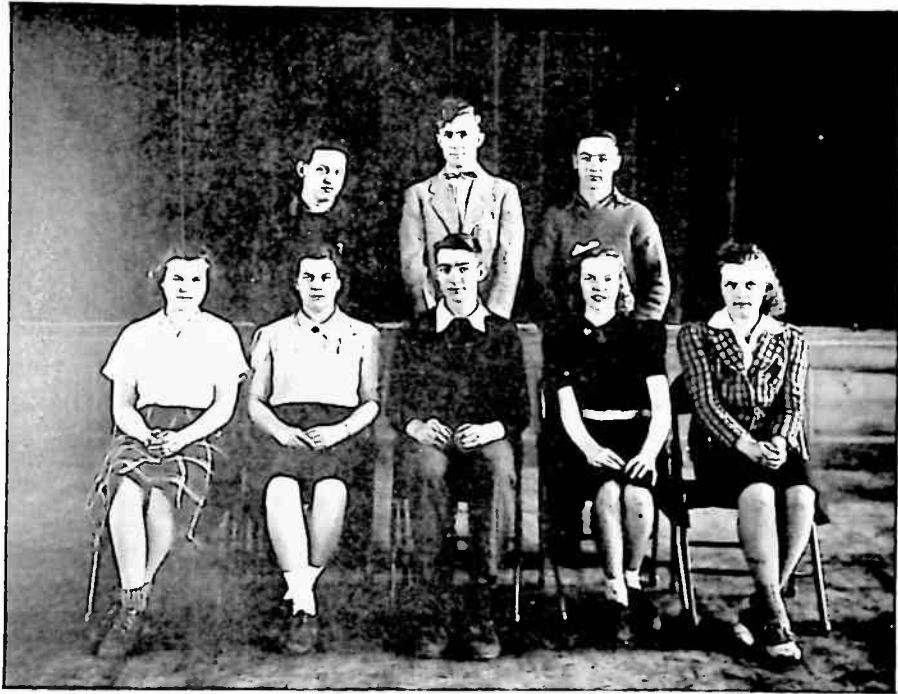
The Student Council representatives who were elected were Merilyn Cole and Clifford Purinton.

The three members of the Freshman class in the orchestra are pianist, Merilyn Cole; drummer, Harold Cooper; and clarinetist, Ethel Tripp.

In sports we had seven Freshmen out for basketball. They did well, as two girls, Emily Maxwell and Ethel Tripp, were on the regular team; three others, Betty Atwood, Shirley Purinton, and Colleen Blake were substitutes. Two Freshmen boys, Robert Purinton and Clifford Purinton were on the second team. The following six girls showed an interest in badminton: Emily Maxwell, Anita Pinette, Betty Atwood, Shirley Purinton, Ethel Tripp, and Colleen Blake. These three boys went out for track: Robert Purinton, Clifford Purinton, and Harold Cooper. We hope that even more will participate in sports in the future, for we are very pleased with the great interest shown by the Freshman class in sports this year.

Our first social event was the Freshman Reception, which was sponsored by the Sophomore class. It was held on Friday, the thirteenth of September. Whether the choice of the date, "Friday the Thirteenth," was intentional or not, all signs of ill-omens failed, for everyone had a very pleasant evening, even though we realized that the upperclassmen were going to initiate us properly.

We have tried this year at Pennell to prepare ourselves for a better right to be worthy of the name Sophomores in the coming year.

COLLEEN BLAKE, '44

STUDENT COUNCIL

First Row, left to right seated—Jane Eaton, Madeline Grant, Donald B. Hall, Merilyn Cole, Shirley Kuch.

Second Row, left to right standing—Earle Glass, John Wilkinson, Clifford Purinton.

STUDENT COUNCIL

This is the third year that Pennell had adopted the Student Council plan. It is working very effectively here, as it does in other colleges and high schools at the present time.

The members chosen were Merilyn Cole and Clifford Purinton from the Freshman class; Shirley Kuch and John Wilkinson from the Sophomore class; Madeline Grant and Earle Glass from the Junior class; Jane Eaton and Donald B. Hall from the Senior class.

The officers elected were Donald B. Hall, president; Madeline Grant, treasurer; Merilyn Cole, secretary.

The Student Council helps in many ways to improve school discipline. Every week a different Student Council member stands in the hall at the beginning and end of each period to keep order on the stairs. In the main room paper is picked up and the room kept neat by each class under the supervision of the council. Other activities which we have sponsored have been assemblies and public relations. This year the Student Council went to Augusta.

It was interesting to learn what other schools had achieved. The discussion of problems that confront every school was beneficial to us all.

We meet every Monday at 2:30 in the afternoon. The meeting is called to order and the secretary reads her report, old and new business is taken up and then the meeting is adjourned.

The Student Council's main object is to bring the faculty and students into closer contact, to promote the welfare of the school, and to have better discipline and cooperation among the students.

MERILYN COLE, '44

BIBLE STUDY

When the writer of this article stepped into the classroom on that first Tuesday, he was startled. As Bible Study was an elective course, he had expected probably eight or ten would wish to take the course. Therefore he had reason to look abashed when he found forty-eight enrolled. This was almost too large a group to teach successfully, but the problem was solved a week later. Twelve students decided that they had not time to pursue the subject. The other thirty-six, however, have proven most loyal by remaining through the year.

The purpose of Bible Study has been not only to teach a greater respect for the Bible, but also to make the Book more easily understood. The student has been taught to consider the Bible as a history of man's struggle to find his God. This eliminates the idea of magic or mysticism so commonly associated with religious writings.

The Bible in this course has been considered sacred because of its influence in literature, art, history and personal life. The student has been prepared for the mental or spiritual shock that sometimes comes when they enter college. He has been taught to be able to listen to honest Biblical criticism and yet maintain conviction and admiration for those principles that constitute a wholesome, intelligent standard of living.

In the Bible Study Class the instructor has attempted to teach three phases of Christianity, mainly:—

Christianity offers an explanation of the world in which we live. It is impossible, or should be impossible, not to seek for such an explanation, and though no explanation that we can give is likely to be complete, we must seek for one which takes account of the most important facts: if we are right, as we believe we are, in thinking that nothing has been created greater than man, our explanation must account for him and for his hopes.

From another point of view Christianity is a historical institution. It has its roots in certain facts of history which can be examined like other historical facts. We can see how it began, how it grew and how it is still growing, and we can learn both from its successes and from its failures.

Lastly, we have to think of Christianity as a guide to our lives, the following of a divine pattern, the loyalty to a divine Master. It is through the earthly life of Jesus that we are shown the road which we must travel to make our lives successful, morally and spiritually.

In presenting the three aspects of Christianity through Bible Study, the student has been taught to face the present day problems in terms of Jesus' teachings. The course has attempted to teach that the Bible is not a dry, dusty book of magic but distinctly a human living document with application to everyday life.

REVEREND EDWARD F. WHITE

GIRLS' VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE

Our new course in vocational guidance this year is under the supervision of Miss Spencer for the Freshmen and Sophomores and Miss Knight for the Juniors and Seniors.

We have vocational guidance for half an hour each week. The Freshmen and Sophomore group discuss such topics as proper health habits, good character, careful grooming, clothes and personality, etiquette, citizenship, speech, outside interests, hobbies and vocations, and plans for the future.

The Junior-Senior course was based on such topics as conception of vocations, careers, preparation for vocations, debate, general qualities of successful employees, value of apprentice training, applying for positions, keeping a job, business methods, essentials for obtaining credit, new problems away from home, what we owe our parents, and citizenship.

Although many of us expected vocational guidance to be a rather dry subject, I think we all have enjoyed it considerably. We feel that it has been a help to personal improvement and that it will be a help in securing employment.

Many schools in larger states have adopted a Vocational Training Course for seniors and we thought we would try it this year. It has been very successful at Pennell and the following girls have had the opportunity to secure training.:

Shorthand and Office Work .... Jane Eaton
Library Work .... Esther Libby
Maid Work .... June Whitney
Phone Operator .... Phyllis Nason
Physical Education Work .... Jane Eaton

In the following years we hope to enlarge this throughout the whole school.

LUELLA BOYD, '42

BOYS' VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE

Last fall a new course of study was planned for the Vocational Guidance program. Mr. Richards is the instructor for the senior boys, the junior and sophomore boys are instructed by Mr. Record, while the freshmen boys are under the supervision of Mr. Loiko.

Vocational Guidance period is held every Friday morning from 8:35 to 9:05. The seniors spent the first part of the year choosing a vocation. After they had selected their vocation they studied booklets, that are in our school files, listing the qualifications of most vocations. The student finds the amount of education, subjects necessary, advantages, disadvantages, salaries, and chances of placement in the work he has chosen. For further information he converses with his instructor who advises him of what he should proceed to do. We also discuss personality, its application to applying for positions, and how important it is every minute of our lives.

Some of the topics discussed by the juniors and sophomores in the class are the qualities of an ideal worker, how to study a vocation, discussion of specific occupations, study and practise of interviews, and the correct way to make out application forms.

The freshmen discuss many different items such as school spirit, good manners in assembly halls, punctuality—not only in school but in business—, sportsmanship, cooperation in school as well as out. They also discussed hobbies, spare time activities, and part time jobs.

Many schools outside of Maine have provided Vocational training for seniors. This year Pennell adopted the plan, and the following boys have been given an opportunity for work training:

Shorthand and Office Work ...... Donald F. Hall

Filling Station Experience .... Vernon Pollard

Physical Education Work .... Donald B. Hall

Donald F. Hall, Almon Hall

The school hopes to be able to provide more training before the end of the year.

DONALD F. HALL, '41

GLEE CLUB

When the Pennell Glee Club was first started this year under the direction of Miss Spencer, many students, both boys and girls went out for it.

The glee club hasn't progressed as rapidly this year as last because of the loss of so many fine voices by graduation.

Some of the activities in which it took part were the Christmas Pageant and the Annual Concert. The students also sang in church on Children's Sunday.

We have enjoyed glee club this year and we sincerely hope to continue with it in the years to come.

ARLENE PERRY, '42

ORCHESTRA

Seated, left to right—Neal Merrill, Merilyn Cole, Esther Libby, Kathleen Sawyer, Jane Eaton, Ethel Tripp, Helen Russell.

Standing, left to right—Harold Cooper, Henderson Beal, Mr. Richards (director), Phillip Kupelian, Milo Cummings.

ORCHESTRA

Orchestra began this year with the following instrumentation: violins, Esther Libby and Kathleen Sawyer; accordion, Phillip Kupelian; clarinet, Ethel Tripp; trombone, Helen Russell; saxophone, Henderson Beal; trumpets, Neal Merrill and Milo Cummings; drums, Jane Eaton and Harold Cooper; piano, Merilyn Cole; director, S. Earle Richards.

The orchestra played at the beginning of the year at an all-school Sunday at the Congregational Church.

During the year Neal Merrill, Milo Cummings, Phillip Kupelian, Merilyn Cole, and Henderson Beal have received extensive training in solo and small group work by playing often in public.

The annual concert of the Pennell musical organization will take place in the latter part of May. Intensive rehearsals are now under way in preparation for the event.

Shortly after the concert, the orchestra will perform at both class day and graduation exercises. However, since so many of the seniors are in the orchestra, it is probable that the music for graduation marching will be played on the piano by Merilyn Cole.

The musical year has been a very pleasant and profitable one, but, since so many of the orchestra members are graduating this June, an orchestra will be a hard thing to form next year unless more Pennell students begin to study on some musical instrument.

PHILLIP KUPELIAN, '41

ARTS AND CRAFTS

What shall I do with my leisure time? This is a problem that faces every individual. Most of us prefer spending leisure hours doing something we enjoy, and in Arts and Crafts the units are so divided that there is some project of interest for everyone.

Some of the craft problems carried on by the students are block printing, plastics, leathercraft, tooling metal, Keene Cement, wood carving, finger painting, charcoal sketching, crayonex linens and needlework.

Such freedom of choice gives us an opportunity to express our own ideas and abilities. We are continually interested in making new projects not only in school but also at home, and there is a possibility some of these craft problems may develop into real hobbies which will give us no end of pleasure throughout life.

ESTHER LIBBY, '41

THE PENNELL VARSITY CLUB

Although it has been a busy year for most members, and we have not often stuck our heads in the clubhouse door, we carefully file this report to show all interested that we have far from disbanded.

Our officers this year were as follows: President, Donald B. Hall; Vice-President, Phillip Kupelian; Secretary, James Johnson; Treasurer, Neal Merrill; Chief Sergeant-at-Arms, Donald F. Hall; other Sergeants, Edgar Dauphineé, Vernon Pollard, and Earle Glass.

As for entertainments, the club put on a roller-skating party, a sleigh-ride, and a skating party. The sleigh-ride, something not tried before by the club, was so successful that we may, if there is time this spring, have a sort of sleigh-ride on wheels with swimming, moonlight, and hot-dogs.

We want to express our appreciation to Mr. Loiko, our considerate chaperon, not only for his help in sponsoring the club, but also for his fine leadership.

As it is yet too early to report on our real spring doings, we finish up this report by saying that we hope to have a few new members this May, two of whom will be Earle Wilson and Milo Cummings. The Inner Sanctuary Initiation will be held soon after the letters have been awarded.

Best regards to all, from the P.V.C's—

Secretary, JAMES JOHNSON

SOCIAL CALENDAR

Sept. 3—School opened with Miss Spencer replacing Miss Evans and Mr. Loiko replacing Mr. Reed.

Sept. 13—Freshman Reception. (With the Freshmen all enjoying themselves.)

Sept. 18—Day off for Cumberland Fair.

Oct. 16—Day off. (Registration for Draft) Teachers start worrying for once.

Oct. 24-25—Teachers' Convention. Students dread the new ideas.

Oct. 28—Roller Skating. (All home safe except for a few bumps and bruises.)

Nov. 1—Halloween Party.

Nov. 5—Driving Class attended the Auto Show.

Nov. 28-29—Thanksgiving Vacation (Good old turkey).

Dec. 19—Christmas Pageant.

Dec. 23—School closed for Christmas Vacation. (Everyone waiting for Santa Claus)

1941

Jan. 7—School opened. (Everyone showing off his Christmas presents).

Jan. 13-14—Teachers sick with the Flu. (*Whoopee! !* No school).

Jan. 15—Back to school (With all the teachers).

Feb. 13—Home Ec. Tea.

Feb. 14—Valentine's Day (Freshmen forgot they were in high school and had a Valentine Box).

Feb. 21——Vacation (Rowdy-dow! Now for some skating).

Mar. 3—Back to school (More studying).

Mar. 11—Pictures on Beauty Culture (Pelletier).

Mar. 12—No school (Too much snow).

Mar. 13—Trustee Supper (Plenty of left overs, but not for long).

Mar. 22—Rummage Sale (Benefit of the Senior Class).

Mar. 27-28—Senior Play, *Professor! How Could You?*

Mar. 31—Pictures on soap sculpture (Got out of school early!)

Apr. 11—Senior Fair.

Apr. 18—Vacation (So Seniors can go to Washington).

Apr. 20—Seniors start for Washington.

Apr. 28—Back to school.

May 16—Junior Prom.

May 29—School Trip.

June 1—Baccalaurette.

June 5—Class Day.

June 6—Graduation, Senior Reception.

MAE MUZZY, '42

School Activities

SPORTS

BASKETBALL

Seated, left to right—Vernon Pollard, Milo Cummings, Neal Merrill, D. B. Hall (captain), Phillip Kupelian, D. F. Hall, Earle Wilson, Mr. Loiko (coach).

Standing, left to right—Raymond Field (manager), Arnold Hall, Clifford Purinton, Robert Purinton, James Johnson, Martin Lashua, Roland Humphrey, Giles Carr, Almon Hall (assistant coach).

BASKETBALL

We had a very successful team this year as is shown by the fact that we placed second in our league after giving Greely a hard rub. In the first few games we couldn't seem to get a very good start, although all the games were very close with the opposing team winning by only two or three points each time.

Donald B. Hall was the star for the Pennell team. He scored more points than any other player in the Triple C division with an average of 17 points per game with twenty-one games played.

This year we have a new coach, Mr. Loiko. We know that our success this year was due to his careful training.

The boys out for basketball this year were Donald B. Hall, Donald F. Hall, James Johnson, Neal Merrill, Vernon Pollard, and Phillip Kupelian, seniors; Roland Humphrey, junior; Earle Wilson, Milo Cummings, Martin Lashua, Arnold Hall, and Giles

Carr, sophomores; Clifford Purinton and Robert Purinton, freshmen; Manager, Raymond Field.

Standish nipped Pennell in the playoff game at the Gorham Normal School for the berth in the Class D tournament. It was a close game for the first half, but Standish went ahead in the third quarter. Pennell made a hard attempt to catch up in the last period but the clock wouldn't wait.

Results of League games—

PENNELL 36 FREEPORT 44

Both teams played a fine game but the Freeport boys were a bit too much. As all our games were, this was a very close struggle all the way.

PENNELL 44 GREELY 28

This was a splendid game with all the Pennell boys playing for all they were worth. Donald B. Hall showed the fans some unbelievably fancy shooting while the rest of the boys were all fighting for the rebounds.

PENNELL 28 FREEPORT 26

This was about the closest game that we played. There were very few times during the game that there were more than two or three points difference in the score. Earle Wilson made the final push-up shot that won the game.

PENNELL 35 N. Y. A. 34

This game was a heart breaker for the Yarmouth boys. Pennell came from behind to win by just one point. As in every game Donald B. Hall did a great deal of the scoring.

PENNELL 18 GREELY 38

This game was postponed earlier in the season. Pennell made its final bid for the league race and lost to a very fast straight shooting team. The Greely team had to fight hard, but the Pennell boys were slightly off the beam as far as hitting the basket went.

A couple of games were played with Greely before the league started and the results were as follows:

PENNELL 22 GREELY 23

This was a very exciting game with quite a lot of fouls called on both teams. Donald B. Hall was high point man. It was a close game all the way, with first one team ahead then the other.

PENNELL 39 GREELY 24

Pennell was going at top speed in this game. Donald B. Hall outscored the whole Greely team with 28 points. After the game a social was enjoyed by all.

Other practice games were played with many other schools. Some of these were Cape Elizabeth (2), Casco (3), Scarboro (2), Falmouth (2), Windham (1), Porter (2), and the playoff game with Standish. Three games were played with the Alumni, all of which were very close at the final gun.

The second team played games with the following teams:

PENNELL 20	SCARBORO 47
PENNELL 11	SCARBORO 39
PENNELL 12	FREEPORT 16
PENNELL 38	HANCOCK J. H. 8
PENNELL 14	LEWISTON 9
PENNELL 19	LEWISTON 17

We were able to buy some new equipment this year. Our new shorts are blue satin with white stripes down the sides and around the bottom.

Summary of each player's scoring for the season—

	Points For Season	Games Played	Times Put Out On Fouls
SENIORS			
Donald B. Hall	357	21	1
Neal Merrill	120	20	1
Donald F. Hall	64	19	1
James Johnson	49	20	5
Phillip Kupelian	11	17	0
Vernon Pollard	6	16	0
JUNIORS			
Roland Humphrey	9	5	0
SOPHOMORES			
Earle Wilson	88	20	3
Martin Lashua	34	19	0
Giles Carr	32	7	0
Arnold Hall	21	8	0
Milo Cummings	19	21	1
FRESHMEN			
Clifford Purinton	4	6	0
Robert Purinton	8	5	0

Next year there will be four positions to be filled by different players, as six of the players will graduate in June. Nevertheless a sturdy team will be expected to turn out next fall.

FOOTBALL

Last fall many of the boys were very enthusiastic about football, and two games were scheduled with Casco.

The first game was played at Pennell, and we went to town by winning with a 12-0 margin.

The second game was played at Casco. We were not so fortunate in this game, for Casco won after a hard tussle, 7-2.

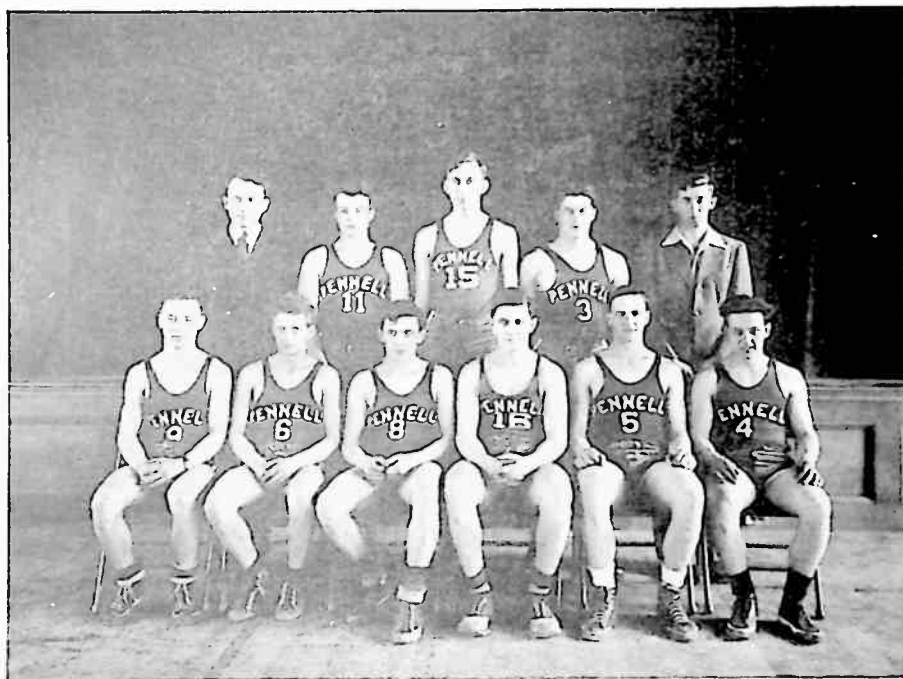
We had no uniforms, so the boys took some of the old baseball uniforms and made them over.

Mr. Loiko, with the help of Frank Cooper, coached us on a few plays that worked quite well. The boys that were out for football were Earle Wilson, John Wilkinson, Harold Cooper, Donald B. Hall, Donald F. Hall, Milo Cummings, Vernon Pollard, Phillip Kupelian, James Johnson, Robert Purinton, Clifford Purinton, Martin Lashua, and Roland Humphrey.

Next year we hope to have more games and get some much needed equipment.

GYM

Gym class is held every Thursday morning for one hour. The purpose of this activity is to give all students a chance to take part in all activities.

Some of the sports enjoyed were Basketball, Football, Volleyball, Baseball, Softball, Boxing, Wrestling, Track, and many times great fun was had by everyone in the numerous contests.

INDOOR TRACK

Seated, left to right—Clifford Purinton, Eddie Dauphineé, Earle Wilson, Phillip Kupelian, Donald F. Hall, Earle Glass.

Standing, left to right—Mr. Record (coach), Harold Cooper, Neal Merrill, Vernon Pollard, Almon Hall (assistant coach).

INDOOR TRACK

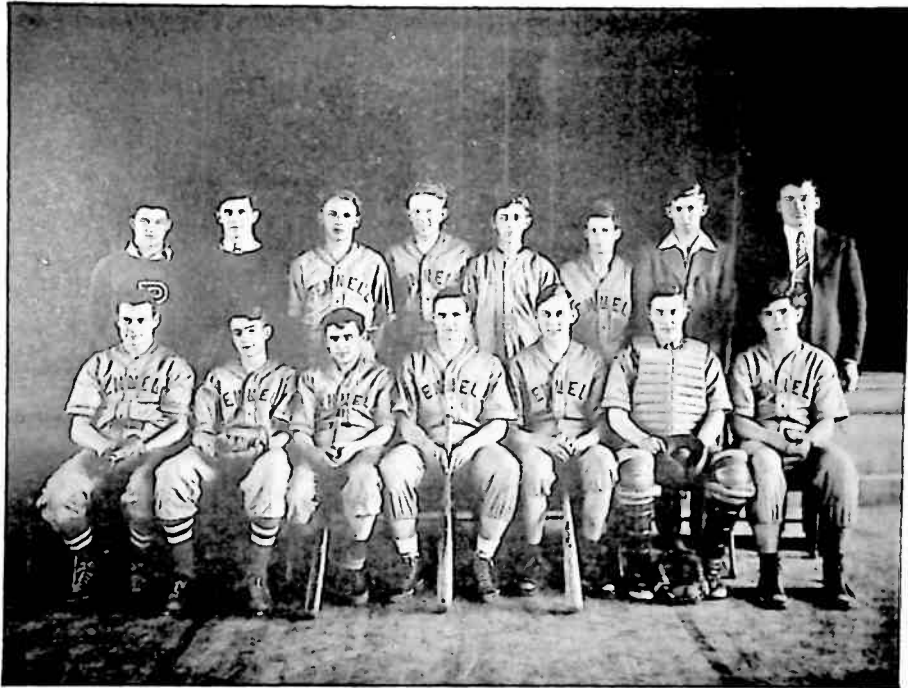
This year we scheduled two dual meets with Scarboro and one with Gorham besides the regular Triple C meet. The first meet with Scarboro was held in Scarboro. We lost to a fine group of trackmen, 40-28. The next meet was with Scarboro at Pennell. We came a little closer to them this time and only lost by ten points. The final score was 39-29. The Wednesday before the Triple C meet Gorham came over to try their skill. Pennell won this meet by a good margin, 54 5-6 to 13 1-6.

Pennell came within 5½ points of Falmouth, the winner of the Triple C meet. Two of the Pennell boys broke records in this meet. Earle Glass cut the old record in the rope climb down to 7 4-5 seconds, while Donald F. Hall made a tremendous leap in the Hop, Step and Jump to add a little over six inches to the old record making a total of 26 feet 9¾ inches.

RECAPITULATION

	Windham	Scarboro	Gorham	Pennell	Falmouth
20 yd. Dash	3				6
High Jump		1		4	4
Broad Jump	½			½	8
Hop, Step and Jump				5	4
Shot Put			1	3	5
Potato Race		8		1	
Rope Climb	3	1		5	
Relay Race	1	5		3	
	—	—	—	—	—
	7½	15	1	21½	27

Those out for track this year were Donald F. Hall, Earle Glass, Edgar Dauphineé, Earle Wilson, Vernon Pollard, Phillip Kupelian, Neal Merrill, Harold Cooper, and Clifford Purinton. Mr. Record, assisted by Almon Hall, kept the boys busy training for all events.

Most of these boys and many others are planning to go out for Outdoor Track. We hope that this meet will be as successful as the indoor meet.

BASEBALL

Seated, left to right—James Johnson, Donald B. Hall, Earle Wilson, Donald F. Hall, Neal Merrill, Raymond Field, Milo Cummings.

Standing, left to right—Vernon Pollard, Phillip Kupelian, Martin Lashua, Arthur Hitchcock, Roland Humphrey, Eddie Dauphineé, Almon Hall (assistant coach), Mr. Loiko (coach).

We played only four games of baseball in 1940. There were twelve boys out for it last spring and all played nice games. The boys who played were Edgar Dauphineé, Earle Wilson, Charles Kuch, Almon Hall, Donald B. Hall, Donald F. Hall, James Johnson, John Wilkinson, Milo Cummings, Neal Merrill, Phillip Kupelian, Warren Bowe, and Newland Saunders. Roland Humphrey was manager with Albert Skillings as assistant manager.

The schedule and scores were the following:

May 10—Pennell	4	Windham	9
May 14—Pennell	3	Freeport	12
May 21—Pennell	0	Gorham	12
June 6—Pennell	6	Alumni	7

This year thirteen boys are out for baseball. They are Phillip Kupelian, Donald B. Hall, Donald F. Hall, Raymond Field, Arthur Hitchcock, Neal Merrill, Vernon Pollard, Edgar Dauphineé, Roland Humphrey, Earle Wilson, Milo Cummings, Martin Lashua, and Harold Cooper. We have a new coach (Mr. Loiko) this year and it looks now as if we will have a pretty good season.

ROLAND HUMPHREY, '42

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

First Row, left to right seated—Emily Maxwell, Ruth Smith, Edra Maxwell, Jane Eaton, Esther Libby, Arlene Perry, Ethel Tripp.

Second Row, left to right standing—Thurza Sawyer, Betty Atwood, Phyllis Nason, Berenice Edwards, Colleen Blake, Dorothy Colley, Shirley Purinton, Miss Spencer (coach).

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

This year our girls' basketball team was made up almost entirely of a new group of girls. Those who played were Arlene Perry, Emily Maxwell, Ruth Smith, Phyllis Nason, forwards; Esther Libby, Thurza Sawyer, Dorothy Colley, Colleen Blake, guards; Jane Eaton, Edra Maxwell, and Ethel Tripp, all three playing well in several positions.

The schedule was as follows:

Oct. 15—Pennell	19	Greely	24
Nov. 13—Pennell	8	Cape Elizabeth	33
Nov. 19—Pennell	7	Casco	24
Nov. 22—Pennell	20	Cape Elizabeth	39
*Dec. 6—Pennell	18	Greely	29
Dec. 13—Pennell	17	Casco	29
Dec. 18—Pennell	18	Casco	32
*Jan. 3—Pennell	12	Freeport	29
*Jan. 10—Pennell	20	Greely	29

Jan. 27—Pennell	15	Porter	20
*Jan. 31—Pennell	14	Freeport	22
Feb. 4—Pennell	12	Porter	17
Feb. 8—Pennell	12	Deering	18

Those with the asterisks were league games.

Although we haven't won this year we enjoyed the games very much and hope to play again next year and win. Our new coach, Miss Spencer, has done a splendid job of coaching.

GIRLS' GYM

This year gym has interested the girls and helped to develop for them a good school spirit. This class is compulsory and is held for one hour every Thursday. We have taken up marching, exercises, tumbling and pyramid building, interclass volleyball, basketball, folk and other dances, and several different types of games.

ARLENE PERRY

THEIR FIRST ANNIVERSARY

It was almost twilight as two men passed the First National Bank and paused at an adjoining corner.

"Looks like a cinch," said Slats, as he appraised the neighboring building.

"Perfect," asserted Mickey.

As Mickey lit a cigaret, he glanced down the side street at a sign above the first store back of the bank. It read: "STOP-N-EAT BAKESHOP." "Come on," growled Mickey. "Nobody's around."

The bakeshop, which was decorated lavishly, had a long counter for cafe service with two large glass cases full of baked goods adjoining it. The two suspicious characters sat down at the counter and Slats eased his heavy satchel to the floor.

"We'll have nice company for this job, Mickey," muttered Slats, eying the red-haired girl who was coming from the kitchen toward the counter.

"Excuse me," the girl called, laughing and holding up both hands to show they were covered with flour. "Be with you in a moment."

"Doughnuts and coffee," ordered Mickey. "Same here," grunted Slats.

The red-head served their coffee, went to the kitchen, and returned with four doughnuts. "Freshly fried," she explained. As she smiled, Mickey remembered a string of pearls in New York. "Considering that I haven't seen you two around before, you must be strangers," the girl ventured.

"Sort of," replied Mickey. "We're bank examiners. We had your First National scheduled here for today."

"But the bank has been closed for an hour. It's after 4 o'clock."

Mickey shrugged his shoulders. "We have to work after hours a great deal. It's a boring job—the same old grind, day after day." Slats started to grin, then stiffened. A freckled boy of about ten was standing in the doorway.

"What time tonight, Sally?" he inquired.

"Stop at 5:30, Tommy," she answered.

"Jim's working late—apple pie night, you know."

"My husband works in the telegraph office down the street," Sally explained to the two customers. "He's the operator. Usually

he eats supper here, but when he has to work late I send Tommy over with a doughnut or pie—"

"And tonight he has to work late?" inquired Mickey so suddenly that Sally glanced at him suspiciously.

"Yes, until eight."

Mickey finished his doughnuts. "Well, you won't be lonesome. We'll be here."

The girl flashed a pair of startled blue eyes, and Slat's right hand went into his pocket.

"I wouldn't scream," Mickey warned. "He'd just as soon do it as not." He lifted the satchel and carried it into the kitchen. Coming back he sat down beside Slats.

"You're a smart girl. Got any money in the bank next door?"

"N-no."

"Good. Then you won't mind if we use your kitchen while we examine it. Anyone else work here?"

"No. But I'll have customers. You can't—"

"Shut up and run this place as if nothing was the trouble. What time do you close?"

"Six o'clock."

"OK. Listen. If anyone comes in, act natural and don't try any funny business." The three went back to the kitchen. Mickey looked around the room and finally placed a chair near the stove and sat down.

"The way we figure this little job, there's about a foot of brick and a hunk of steel between this room and the bank," mumbled Mickey. He drew a blue automatic from his pocket and laid it carelessly on his knee. "Get up front," he ordered the girl. "And stay where I can watch you. Got a radio?" She nodded. "Then turn it on good and loud," snarled Mickey. "Get goin' Slats."

It was a matter of seconds before Slats had a hammer, an assortment of chisels, and a tiny acetylene torch ready for action.

Sally came back to the kitchen. "I hope you don't mind if I finish the pie my husband is expecting."

"Go ahead, but make it where I can watch you." Sally was almost in tears as she rolled the dough for the apple pie; for today was their first wedding anniversary and Jim had to work late and couldn't even have a short vacation—and now this.

As Sally deliberately cut the air holes in the crust she could feel Mickey's little black eyes upon her. When she carried the pie back to the oven, dust was rising from the huge hole Slats had cut in the brick wall.

Sally waited on several customers and answered the phone a couple of times. Each time Mickey would raise his automatic from his knee. At 5:30 Tommy banged the front door and charged in.

"Wait a minute," said Sally as she started for the kitchen and returned with the pie. Without wrapping it up she handed it to

the boy and told him to be careful, for it was Jim's anniversary present from her.

When Tommy was gone, Mickey got up and watched Slats beat in the last layer of bricks. Taking the torch with him, Slats squirmed through the hole and soon the hissing of the torch was to be heard.

As Mickey looked at his watch he said grinning, "In 20 minutes you close the shop—In 30 we'll be on our way and you'll be tied up."

Mickey stuck his head through the hole and watched Slats for a while. When he heard the front door open, he slid back to his chair to watch Sally. He heard a man's voice.

"Just a dozen doughnuts this time, Sally."

There was a sound at the open window behind Mickey, and he turned to see a shotgun pointed at him.

Mickey dived behind the stove, then felt a gun muzzle jammed hard against his neck. He dropped his automatic and turned to see the sheriff reaching for a pair of handcuffs in his hip pocket.

"Slats!" Mickey screamed a warning. He heard the torch drop, and quick footsteps going to the front of the bank.

"It won't do him any good to try to get away," grinned the sheriff. "The place is surrounded."

In a minute Slats was herded in before two policemen and a dozen townspeople. In the group was a blond youth with a wide grin, and he was carrying a pie. He kissed Sally and turned to Mickey.

"Pretty smart," he snickered, looking at the hole in the wall.

"Not so dumb," Mickey sneered. "Who tipped you off—the kid?"

"Nope," laughed Jim and shoved the apple pie under Mickey's nose. "Ever see air holes cut in the telegraph code? Instead of the usual love message, what does she write? 'SOS——BANK ROBBERY.' Smart wife don't you think?"

DONALD F. HALL, '41

THE DANCING APPARITION

Duke arrived at the dance shortly after the gala evening had begun, joined the stag line, and started looking the crowd over for a partner. The December wind howled and shrieked outside, the building creaked and groaned, and somewhere a loose shutter banged against the side of the hall. It was a gloomy night out and despite the hit jazz music of the local band, once in a while one would catch a furtive glance toward the door or one of the big windows.

Across the floor from the youth a wan miss sat alone watching the dancers. Duke strode over and bowed before her. "Would you care to dance?" he asked. The maiden coyly consented, and they

drifted in and out among the other couples, speaking very little on the first dance. As the evening wore on Duke danced more and more often with the beautiful girl, and although he did not find out her name or where she had come from, they became a little more friendly and talked of many things. Often she talked of a strange faraway place that she said she must return to soon. Duke noticed that she had smiled infrequently, and, as it grew late, she seemed to grow more sad. Sensing that something was wrong, he asked her repeatedly what the trouble was but for an answer each time he only received a quick look from the seemingly frightened girl. As they danced together on the last dance, Duke asked for the privilege of taking his companion home. After a long pause the girl answered, "All right, where is your car?" and started for the door.

Amazed was he at learning that the girl had no coat, had faced the icy blasts of winter clad in a light frock. He placed his own overcoat over her and drove to the address she had whispered. Arriving there, she asked that he remain in the automobile until she could tell her mother she had returned.

But as the time passed and the girl failed to return to the car, our gallant, intent at least on recovering his coat, rapped on the front door. A middle-aged lady answered his summons. He informed her of events, meanwhile watching mounting consternation register on the woman's face.

"But my daughter has been dead for three years," she finally faltered. "Come with me and I will show you her picture."

Only one look did the youth take at the colored photograph, then insisted, "That's the girl."

"But I'll take you to the cemetery and show you her grave," the lady promised.

They drove there, stopping finally before a large white headstone. Hanging . . . as a shroud over the stone . . . was his coat.

JAMES JOHNSON, '41

BACK-SEAT DRIVING

Back-seat driving is a subject which has universal appeal. Everyone probably at some time in his driving experience has had the opportunity of enjoying the benefits and, may I add, the inconveniences of a back seat driver. My mother fulfills all the characteristics of a good back-seat driver. Although she is very quick and likes to get things done in a hurry in every day life, she always drives at the same rate of speed and religiously observes all traffic regulations. Incidentally, I should explain that I drive somewhat faster than she thinks is advisable.

Well, anyway, last week my mother and I went in town. The traveling was just slippery enough to give her the perpetual jitters. I had driven about five or ten miles when the voice of authority

asked, "Don't you think you are driving too fast on this slippery road?"

I quietly said I didn't think so, but I varied the speed a little so as not to permit any further helpful suggestions.

As I came in view of the top of a hill, the voice suggested that I should slow down considerably because the hill might not be graveled.

A few minutes had elapsed when I was informed that I was approaching a curve. I very politely answered that I knew the road very well, and I was well aware of the curve.

In between suggestions, I glanced at the fuel guage and managed to let my back-seat driver know that I needed some gas. I came to a stop at the next gas station. The attendant came out and asked, "How many, please?"

And I, seeing my chance for revenge, pointed to the back-seat and exclaimed, "Ask her. She's driving!"

In spite of the odds being against me, I reached my destination without a scratch.

PHILLIP KUPELIAN, '41

NOVICE IN THE KITCHEN

The following article should serve as a warning to all men who regard themselves as novices in the kitchen . . .

Wife goes away to her mother's for a week. Her last words re-echo in your ears, "Now don't try to get your meals at home; be sure to buy something hot in the cafeteria."

After a few days of cafeteria meals, a yen for home-cooked meals develops. As you shamble leisurely home from work an idea dawns . . . why not cook something at home? Then proceed home. On the way home make a hasty visit to the book store to obtain a cook book. Arrive home and enter the doorway of the kitchen. Take a deep breath and plunge into numerous drawers and cupboards. A mad search for the required articles ensues. After scrambling hither and yon for several minutes, finds everything but one article. Then wonder absently if the resulting mass would be edible if you left out that one article.

The actual cooking now begins. Dump everything and start mixing. After a while concede that it is a rather peculiar color and viscosity, but the spirit does not wane. Later see that the progress has stopped in the mixing bowl so cease mixing and shove into the oven. Heave a sigh and sit down patiently to wait. Suddenly there occurs an ominous hissing sound from the oven. Presently the sound abruptly stops. Quickly run to the door and yank it open . . . *BLITZKRIEG*! Apparently the dish has boiled over on the electric elements and blown a fuse. Utter a few nicely phrased words; slam oven door and head for cafeteria.

HENDERSON BEAL, '41

THE LEGEND OF THE IVORY BRACELET

It was the most beautiful courtyard I had ever seen. It was like fairyland and it retained all the pomp and splendor of old India. In the center of the courtyard was a glass case. In this case, lying on a velvet cushion, was a magnificently carved bracelet of ivory. The bracelet attracted my attention because people from all ranks of life were bowing in humble devotion before it. I consulted my English friend about the history of the bracelet and, as he told me the following story, I was swept back through time to early India where I paused to look on as this beautiful tragic story was unfolded before my eyes.

It was almost midnight and the full tropical moon floated lazily along its sky-trail, reflecting its weird light on the still jungle below. All was silent except for the continuous roar of the river as it sped along over the rough crags on its way to the sea. Now and then the stillness was broken by the roar of a tiger or the trumpet call of an elephant, calling to its mate.

High above the mysterious jungle on a rocky hill stood the palace of Maharajah, ruler of the north Indian province of Suristani. The palace courtyard looked more like midday than nearly midnight, as elephants were being brought into line and seats were being placed on their backs. Mahouts were chaining the elephants together and many score servants were loading them with rifles and spears and knives. Although all were hustling and apparently accustomed to their tasks, a certain tenseness hung over the scene and all spoke in animated whispers.

Suddenly, all moved back against the walls and knelt as the Maharajah in all the glory of an Indian prince appeared. His guard of honor in gay uniforms followed close behind and the priest brought up the rear. A servant appeared in the doorway and beckoned the Maharajah. After a discussion the Maharajah gave his consent to the servant's request.

Shortly after, a girl about eighteen appeared in the courtyard. She was tall and slender, with dark eyes and hair and a smooth olive complexion. She wore a plain black velvet cape, and no jewelry except a small, finely carved ivory bracelet. She was the Maharajah's only daughter, and her wish was his command.

At the sight of her, uneasiness swept over the party, and a stubborn expression crept over the face of the high priest, for it was a well known fact that a girl on a hunt would bring an evil curse. The girl approached her father, knelt in reverence and respect, and then started for the nearest elephant. At this point the priest interfered. He yelled, "No" very suddenly. The girl turned inquiringly to her father, who, with an angry gesture, summoned the high priest to his side.

A heated argument followed because the high priest hated his ruler too much to yield at once. Suddenly the Maharajah's mighty voice boomed out, "She is no curse, I say she shall go and by the grace of Brahma she shall!"

The priest, who was about to answer, thought better of it, and walked suddenly to his elephant to wait the departure. Twelve strokes came from the oriental gong, and the natives knelt in silent prayer; then they rose and mounted silently. The palace gates opened and the party passed through them.

Down the treacherous trail into the jungle walked the elephants. Just before dawn the party reached the small village of Rhutan at the very door of the tiger country.

On into the tiger infested area swept the party. Shortly after this the party reached its destination. Here they rested until nightfall. About midnight the hunters took their elephants and prepared for the night's work.

The first hunting party was successful, so the Maharajah allowed his daughter to go on the next one. But on this trip several of the men were lost. This vanishing of the men continued for a week and was climaxed by the disappearance of one entire group with the exception of the priest.

In their anger the natives threatened to kill the Maharajah unless he sent his daughter back to the palace alone. The Maharajah refused, but his daughter pleaded that if he did not let her go the rest of the party would be destroyed. Finally the Maharajah consented and the girl started home.

A few hours after the girl left, a few of the lost party returned and revealed that it was the high priest and not the girl who had brought the evil curse. The party immediately set out after the girl but a tiger had claimed her. All that remained was the tiny ivory bracelet, that the girl's father had had made from the tusk of the first elephant she had captured.

Her father took the bracelet and for many years it was kept in a glass case in front of the palace where natives came to worship it. At the death of the Maharajah the bracelet was lost and tragedy and famine stalked the land. A few years later the bracelet was found and the people prospered once more.

Although the natives have been offered huge fortunes for the bracelet, they remain steadfast in their belief, that should the bracelet slip from their hands, their kingdom would crumple and fall as their princess had so many years ago . . .

SHIRLEY KUCH, '43

THE MADE-OVER HOUSE

This isn't such a bad house. It's a little like a made-over dress, good, but not like a new one. The living room is very cozy, especially when there is a cheery fire blazing in the fireplace. This big unfinished chamber is rather bare, but it has a comfortable bed.

Isn't it bright moonlight out tonight! But what's this I see out here on the lawn? It looks as if I had company. What a strange collection of people. What are they doing here, and why do they come so late at night?

They look familiar, but I've never seen them before. Wait . . . I begin to recognize some of them. I've never seen them, but my mother has told me about them many times. They are the people who went to school in the house before it was made over into a little bungalow.

That little girl was blind in one eye all her life because someone threw a crust of bread and hit her.

This red-headed boy once was ordered to stand on a certain board and not move from it. A moment later he was at the other end of the room. When the teacher growled, "I thought I told you to stand on that board," he replied innocently, "You didn't say I had to stand on that end of it."

Why look! The living room has changed back into the old school room. There are the battered and scarred old desks, and here is the old stove that smoked so conveniently on days when the sliding was good.

And that poor, weary old man . . . he was once a teacher. He used to go home every night nearly exhausted because the boys would climb up into the rafters and he would go up and chase them down. This used to go on all day. The poor sucker!

There was another boy who used to be here. He liked to go play with his friends. One day his mother wanted him to stay at home for a change.

"You can't walk down to Johnny's house again."

An hour later he was at Johnny's house as usual.

"I thought I told you not to walk down there again.

"I didn't walk down there. I crawled."

This particularly meek and innocent looking fellow was the one who set a pail of water above the door in such a way that when the dear, dignified teacher walked in he was . . . well, less dignified.

Say, what's going on here? Where'd I get this funny looking dress with its stiff collar, its striped blouse, and its skirt that would sweep the floor better than any broom. And what am I doing, sitting at this desk? Why are they all coming in? I must be the teacher, but what am I supposed to do when they get here?

They've all come in now, and I know what I can do. I feel mean; I'd like to hurt someone. Here's a leather strap on the desk. I might as well make use of it. Who . . . Ah! I like, I mean I don't

like that boy in the front row, and the little man with three big freckles that cover almost all of his face. I'm going to hit him. I'm going to hit him. But what's that in his hand? A pail of water. And he's going to throw it at me. He's throwing it . . .

Oh! What happened? I didn't know it was raining. The roof would have to leak right over my head. Oh well, I'll just move over and go back to sleep. I guess the made-over house needs a little fixing . . .

HELLEN RUSSELL, '41

THE ROAD HOG

Oh, the road hogs! What a nuisance they are on the highway! Did you just ask what these road hogs look like? Well, these specimens of humanity vary a great deal in color, shape, and size but there is one characteristic they all have in common—a very exaggerated head.

Because of their limited intellectual capacity, when they get on the road, they cling stubbornly to the center. When you, an experienced driver, meet one you should pull to the right as far as possible and proceed with utmost caution. Don't forget to put your hands over your ears when you pass, because they (the masculine element) will utter all the squeaking and unpleasant noises imaginable.

Although the male road hog is extremely noisy, the female of this race is reasonably quiet, but beware of the silence; for what isn't said in words is made up for in looks, which surely are enough to kill.

Now after an extended study of road hogs, I have come to the conclusion that there is only one recipe for their cure. The following recipe is the only one to my knowledge that ever has been written, take:

(1) One road hog who has just bought himself a new Hudson.
(2) One Model A Ford.
(3) One driver for the Ford.

Place the road hog in the Hudson (if he has had a little liquor it helps the matter) and place on the road the Hudson, going at a safe speed of about seventy miles an hour.

Put the other road hog in the Ford on the same road so that the Ford and Hudson will meet on a straight of way. Crash! Bang! After the matter, or should I say batter, has been thoroughly mixed, remove the "has-been" road hogs from the wreck, garnish with flowers and place in a very conspicuous place for other younger road hogs to view when they go out for a joy ride.

RAYMOND FIELD, '41

A FRESHMAN'S FIRST SHAVE

When but a lad, I always thought
What fun it was to shave a lot,
Just like my father did each morn
With shiny razor, keen and long,
Then came that grand and glorious day,
When I found hair to shave away.
I jumped and cried, "Oh mother dear,
Please come to see what I have here;
See all the fuzz beneath my nose,
No, that's not dirt, that's hair, by jove;
Oh, boy! I'm gonna shave right now
Before it grows back in somehow."
I found my father's shaving cream
But gosh, I started wrong, it seems;
I squeezed a half a tube too much
And tried to put it back—no luck;
Then when I lathered up my face,
It spread all over to my waist.
It covered up my mouth and eyes,
And muffled all my shrieks and cries;
I walked around to find the cloth
To wipe the stickey suds all off.
But I got lost and struck a door
Right on my head. Gad! how I swore.
To make things worse or just for spite,
I stepped on soap and slipped just right;
I hit the tub with all my might,
And fell right in clear out of sight.
The water rose with a splashing sound
Oh, Gracious me! I almost drowned.
Then, taking up again my task
I worked the razor fine at last;
I had some trouble with my gills,
My Adam's apple wouldn't stay still;
That's nearly gone I hate to say,
I didn't need it anyway;
My luck was better with my ear,
I've still got half of it right here.
No more I'll praise those slaves who shave,
I know the strain they bear;
I'll pray and say to them, "Be brave,
'Til you run out of hair."

HAROLD COOPER, '44

Sam met Rastus one day with his feet bound up in bandages and his hair mussed up.

"What's de matter?" asked Sam.

"Mah feet is sore," explained the boy. "Pap, he done hit me on de haid wif a ball bat and I was standing on some concrete."

Viola: "What a pity it is that handsome men are always conceited."

James: "Not always, little girl, I am not."

D. F. H. (to waiter in Chinese restaurant): "I smell punk."

Waiter: "Just sit over there in the corner, nobody will notice you."

Man: "Do you serve the kind of pie that Mother used to make?"

Waiter: "You bet we do, Sir."

Man: "Then give me some cake."

Phil: "Have your radio on last night?"

Neal: "Sure did."

Phil: "How did it fit?"

Other scorekeeper (swelling up): "We had a fellow named Jack on our basketball team who now plays for NOTRE DAME."

Bud Field: "Oh that's nothing, *we* had a fellow named Jim on our basketball team who plays for *all* the dames."

Hefty: "It's raining cats and dogs outside."

Milo: "How do you know?"

Hefty: "I just stepped in a poodle."

Cop (with book): "Whats yer name?"

Motorist: "Gregorvich Schnisky Hyperchyest."

Cop (putting book away): "Well, don't let me catch you again."

What did the dustpan say to the broom?
What do ya hear from the mop?

A man was sitting in a bus station laughing aloud to himself. A fellow came over to him and said, "What are you laughing at, Mister?" The man answered, "I was telling myself some funny stories and I just came across one that I never heard before."

"All right, Stupid, now tell me what the bakers do with the holes out of the doughnuts."

"That's easy, Wise Guy, they cut them up into sections and use them to stuff spaghetti."

Jane Eaton (to the waiter) : "Hey, your thumb is in my soup."
Waiter: "That's all right—it's not hot!"

Art Hitchcock, D. F. Hall, and Jim Johnson were up in the big woods hunting last fall. They decided that each day one of them would provide the food and the other two prepare it. The second day Hitchcock, whose turn it was to provide meat, raced through the camp with a bear close behind him. "Here comes the food," he screamed, without slowing down. "Grab him and skin him while I go back for another."

Francis Small (holding his cupped hands together) : "Guess what I've got in my hands."
Lee Mitchel: "The Empire State Building."
Francis: "Naw—that's too big. Guess again."
Lee: "A horse."
Francis: "Awww - - - you peeked."

A man just bought a new overcoat and the clerk said, "Now when you get home, take your coat out of the box and put it on a coat-hanger." A few days later the clerk met the customer and asked, "How does the new coat feel?"

"The coat feels fine but the darn coat-hanger keeps knocking my hat off."

A man in a restaurant called over to the waiter and said, "Let me have a cup of coffee without cream." And the waiter said, "I'm sorry, Mister but we're out of cream. Is it all right if I give it to you without milk?"

Ruth Smith: "I want a man who doesn't smoke, drink, swear, or philander."
Ethel Tripp: "What for?"

"I know a girl who plays piano by ear."
"That's nothing. I know a man who fiddles with a mustache."

The technical name for snoring is sheet music . . .

Emily: "Want a bite of this apple?"
D. B. H.: "I'd rather have a kiss."
Emily: "Okay, you kiss it and I'll eat it."
Soup: "I came near selling my shoes today."
Nuts: "You did?"
Soup: "Sure—I had them half-soled—and if it hadn't been for a heel that wasn't instep I would have laced up the deal in no time."

His first day as a steel worker, Rastus was stationed on the top girder of a skyscraper, and when evening came he was afraid to climb down.

"Hey, Rastus," called the boss, "come down the same way you went up."

"Nossuh, not me," the answer floated back. "I come up head first."

Al: "Darling, will you marry me?"
Norma: "Oh yes, right away."
(a long silence. Then—)
Norma: "Well, haven't you any more to say?"
Al: "Pardon me but I think I've said too much already."

Why is a bottle of cream more expensive than a bottle of milk?
Because it's much harder for the cow to sit on the small bottles.

Johnny: "I can't stand a girl having a lot of rouge on her lips."
Edra: "That's alright—but I wish you wouldn't try to take it off all of them."

Doctor: "Frequent water drinking will prevent you from getting stiff in the joints."
John W.: "Yes—but some of the joints don't serve water."

A bald-headed gent, slightly intoxicated, was sitting in Vern Small's filling station fanning himself with his hat. Flies lighting on his bald head and running across it tickled him so that he laughed and giggled in high glee. But suddenly a bee landed on his head and stung him. Immediately he wiped his hand across his head, commanding sharply: "You've all got to get off now—there's a smart aleck in the crowd."

Captain: "All hands on deck. The ship is leaking!"
Voice from below: "Aw, put a pan under it and go to bed."

One Scotchman stood in the breadline so long that he lost his job.

There was a young man named Frank,
He once taught a subject that stank.
When he juggled the beaker,
We all felt much weaker.
And thought of the card with the rank . . .

Exchanges

We have derived much pleasure from reading the following school annuals.

The Outlook, Porter High School, Kezar Falls, Maine.
You have a most amusing joke section.

The Four Corners, Scarboro High School.

A very thorough account of a trip to the New York World's Fair.

The Nautilus, West Paris High School.
An interesting French department.

The Mercurius, Bridgewater Classical Academy.

The Crimson Rambler, Standish High School.

The Crest, Falmouth High School.

Addison High School.

Gorham High School.

Mapleton High School.

The Windonian, Windham High School.

Alumni

This year we are carrying out the policy of printing news of only four years of the Alumni. This method was started last year.

During the last four years the Skillings medal has been awarded to Ronald Colley, '37; Sarah A. Wilson, '38; Frances Field, '39; and Madeline Merrill, '40.

Officers of the Alumni Association are:

Acting President, GERALD KIMBALL
Vice-President, GERALD KIMBALL
Secretary, ELSIE MEGQUIER
Treasurer, NORMA LIBERTY

CLASS OF 1937

Laura Bennett Procter—Residing in Casco.
Ronald H. Colley—Residing in Bangor.
Charlotte Foster Burnell—Residing in Cumberland.
James Hall—Employed at Thomas Laughlin's, Portland.
Jeanette Harmon—Employed in New Hampshire.
Gerald Kimball—Residing in Gray.
Doris Manchester—Employed at I.G.A. at Gray.
Evelyn Morrill Durgin—Residing in Portland.
Marie Pousland—Secretary in Portland.
Earle Sawyer—Residing in Gray.
Charlotte Verrill Frost—Residing in Gray.
Earla Whitney Sawyer—Residing in Gray.
Marion Whitney Stuart—Residing in Portland.
Marjorie Winslow—Residing in Gray.

CLASS OF 1938

Elsie Bisbee—Residing in Gray.
Linwood Clark—Attending welding school in South Portland.
Frances Colley—Employed in Portland.
Deane Durgin—Attending Gorham Normal.
Anthony Eaton—Attending Bowdoin College.
Arthur Higgins—Employed in Gray.
David Kupelian—Attending Bowdoin College.
Harry Lauritsen—Employed in S. D. Warren Mills, Westbrook.
Earle Leavitt—Employed at Thomas Laughlin's, Portland.
Virginia McInnis Morse—Residing in Gray.
Ava Megquier Walker—Residing in Farmington.
James Morey—103rd Infantry, Florida.

Wilma Qualey Wilkinson—Residing in Gray.
Edith Russell—Attending Farmington Normal.
James Russell—Attending U. of M.
Aldine Verrill—Residing in Gray.
Sarah Wilson—Attending University of Vermont.

CLASS OF 1939

Vivian Boyd Bailey—Residing at Great Diamond Island.
Everett Doughty—Employed in Central Maine Power Co.
William Duplisea—Broadcasting with Ken MacKenzie.
Frances Field Manchester—Residing in Windham.
Robert Glass—Employed in Cumberland.
June Hall—Attending Portland Maine School of Commerce.
Willis Hancock—Attending Gorham Normal.
Mildred Hayes—Employed in Freeport.
Walter Hinds—Employed in Naples.
Arvilla Humphrey—Attending Farmington Normal.
Kathleen Jordan—Training in Maine General Hospital.
Olive Knudsen Day—Residing in Hartford, Conn.
Sidney Leavitt—Residing in Gray.
Urban Roberts—Residing in Gray.
Ralph Sawyer—Attending Tufts College.
William Taylor—Deceased.
Raymond Winslow—Employed in Portland.

CLASS OF 1940

Miriam Bisbee—Attending Castine Normal.
Betty Blake—Employed at Howard Johnson's, Portland.
Katherine Boyd Griffin—Residing in Bridgeport, Conn.
Betty Cooper—Attending Becker College.
Edward DeLorme—Employed at Harris Oil Co., South Portland.
Almon Hall—P. G. at Pennell.
Charles Kuch—103rd Infantry, Florida.
Authur Lawrence—Residing in Gray.
Beatrice Scribner—Gray's Business College.
Albert Skilling—Employed at Thomas Laughlin's, Portland.
Annie Thibodeau—Employed at Howard Johnson's, Portland.
Laura Thompson Jewett, Residing in North Yarmouth.
Madeline Merrill—Attending N. E. Conservatory of Music.
Neal Morey—Employed at C. E. Hayes.
Margarite Nichols—Residing in Gray.
Marguerite Perry—Residing in Gray.
Donald Verrill—Residing in Dry Mills.
John Whitney—Residing in Gray.
Helen Winslow—Employed at the Lighthouse, Portland.